



# THE TRAIL OF LEWIS AND CLARK

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## CHAPTER I

### THREE FORKS OF THE MISSOURI TO THE HEAD- WATERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By the 30th of July everything was ready for another forward movement. Clark had recovered; the men had been busily engaged in dressing skins and making new garments and moccasins; Sacágawea had recounted to them the story of her capture, at which time four men, four women, and some boys had been killed and others made captive; the "celestial observations" had been completed, and nothing further remained to be done. The canoes therefore were again loaded, and on the morning of the 30th they once more began their marching, wading, pushing, towing, and poling up the Jefferson. The river was crooked, the current rapid, the shoals numerous, the islands many, the toil continuous.

At noon they halted for dinner at the place where the Bird-woman had been made prisoner. She and her people had been attacked at the camp below and had retreated up the stream, hoping to escape their pursuers, but the effort had been in vain.

The men, being too few to contend with the Minnetarees, mounted their horses and fled as soon as the attack began. The

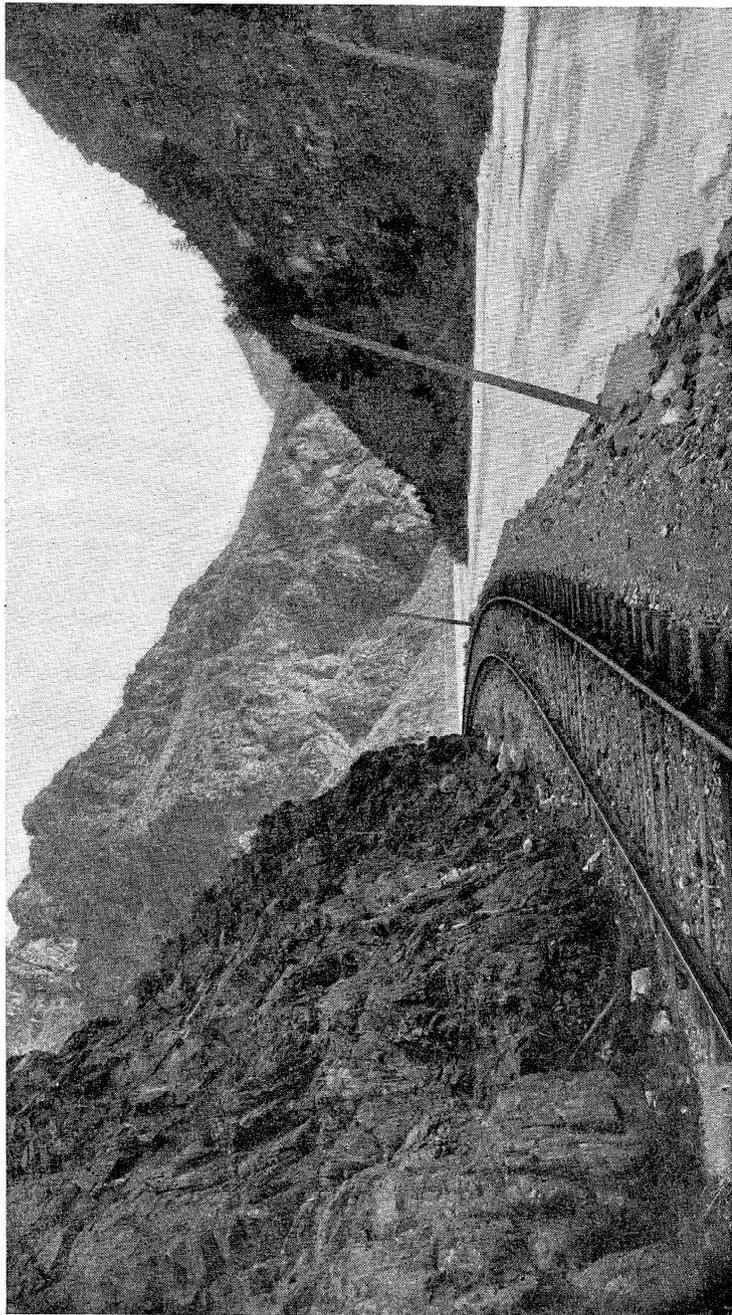
## The Trail of Lewis and Clark

women and children dispersed, and Sacajawea, as she was crossing at a shoal place, was overtaken in the middle of the river by her pursuers.

Captain Lewis again took charge of the land party, Clark being too weak as yet to indulge in any feats of pedestrianism. Lewis had a wet and muddy time of it floundering through the bayous formed by the beaver dams, in water up to the waist, and he was finally forced to the high ground bordering the river. When he tried to regain the party at camping-time he was unable to find them and had to bivouac for the night without them. The night was cool and his covering was the canopy of the sky, but a good fire of driftwood kept him warm, and a duck appeased his hunger. The next morning the *voyageurs* overtook him and after breakfast they discovered a seven-mouthed river, which they named Philosophy, after an attribute of "that illustrious personage Thomas Jefferson." Philosophy River has since become plain Willow Creek.

The Jefferson for some miles now flows through a cañon, and at the upper end of the cañon it turns southward—ascending it—and there opens out a long, wide, mountain-hemmed and beautiful valley, the counterpart of the one at Three Forks.

While advancing through the cañon, Lewis, who had previously remained within communicable distance of Clark and the main body, taking Gass, Drewyer, and Chaboneau, left the others, cut loose from their base, so to speak, and went ahead, along the north side, still hoping to find the Shoshoni. They were now at the extreme point reached by Clark during his reconnaissance of July 26th. Clark had then supposed, from what he saw, that the Jefferson turned to the north, the mountains hiding its true course, and Lewis was therefore surprised to find that this northern stream was a tributary instead of the main river, the latter



*The Cañon of the Jefferson River, near Philosophy River, now Willow Creek.*

flowing from the opposite point of the compass, a few miles beyond. This affluent, now Boulder River, they named Fields's Creek after Reuben Fields.

On this day Lewis discovered a new species of pheasant, the northern dusky grouse, and a new (Maximilian's) jay. He found also the bones and dried excrement of buffaloes, showing that these animals occasionally ranged in the valley.

The Captain, on the morning of August 3d, waded the river, in the vicinity of Whitetail Deer Creek, and continued up the south—east—side of the river. Had he remained on the other side he would have been saved some useless tramping on the following day, but would have missed a stream afterwards noted in Western chronology. On the 4th he plunged ahead, finally leaving the immediate valley of the main river entirely, and upon crossing a low spur of the "snowy mountains on the left [east]" found himself on the banks of a "handsome little river, about thirty yards wide."

He now turned southwest, reached the main stream, the Jefferson, again, which fact he does n't appear to have recognized, waded across to the north—west—side and then, making a retrograde march down-stream, arrived "at the junction of this [the Jefferson] river with another which rises from the southwest." He now found that his camp of the night previous had been just above the junction of the main river with this new and "bold, rapid, clear stream, . . . so much obstructed by gravelly bars, and subdivided by islands" as to be useless for navigation, which was to them an important matter just then.

In giving names to the two streams he had just discovered, Lewis says:

I called the bold rapid an [and] clear stream *Wisdom*, and the more mild and placid one which flows in from the S. E. *Philanthropy*, in commemoration of two of those cardinal virtues,

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which have so eminently marked that deservedly selibrated character [Jefferson] through life.

These rivers are now charted as the Big Hole, or Wisdom, and the Ruby, or Stinkingwater.

The party immediately waded the Wisdom River and marched up its north, or west, bank to a point near where it issues from the mountains, where they camped. The following morning Chaboneau had another attack of inability "to march far to-day," so that Lewis instructed Gass and the interpreter to re-ford the river, cut across the country leisurely, and wait for him on the Jefferson.

Lewis and Drewyer then continued up the Wisdom, soon crossing to the other side, and upon reaching a cañon from which the stream issued, ascended a mountain where they obtained a view of the entire country, embracing in its scope both the Wisdom and Jefferson valleys.

On descending the mountain Drewyer slipped and had a dangerous fall, but they finally reached Gass's camp long after dark, having crossed en route a broad Indian trail, but the tracks found were old ones. The next morning they started for the forks, down-stream, Gass close to the river, to meet Clark's party, if ascending; Drewyer off on a hunt, and Lewis and Chaboneau headed directly for the junction of the Jefferson and the Wisdom.

In the meantime Captain Clark and his men had been slowly and laboriously working up the stream, tussling with the rapids and shallows and bayous, "in which are multitudes of beaver," and, at places, "the current being so strong as to require the utmost exertions of the men to make any advance even with the aid of the cord and pole."

A bit of the narrative for August 4th will show the beauties of navigation on the upper Jefferson in 1805:

We are obliged to drag the canoes over the stone, as there is not a sufficient depth of water to float them, and in other parts

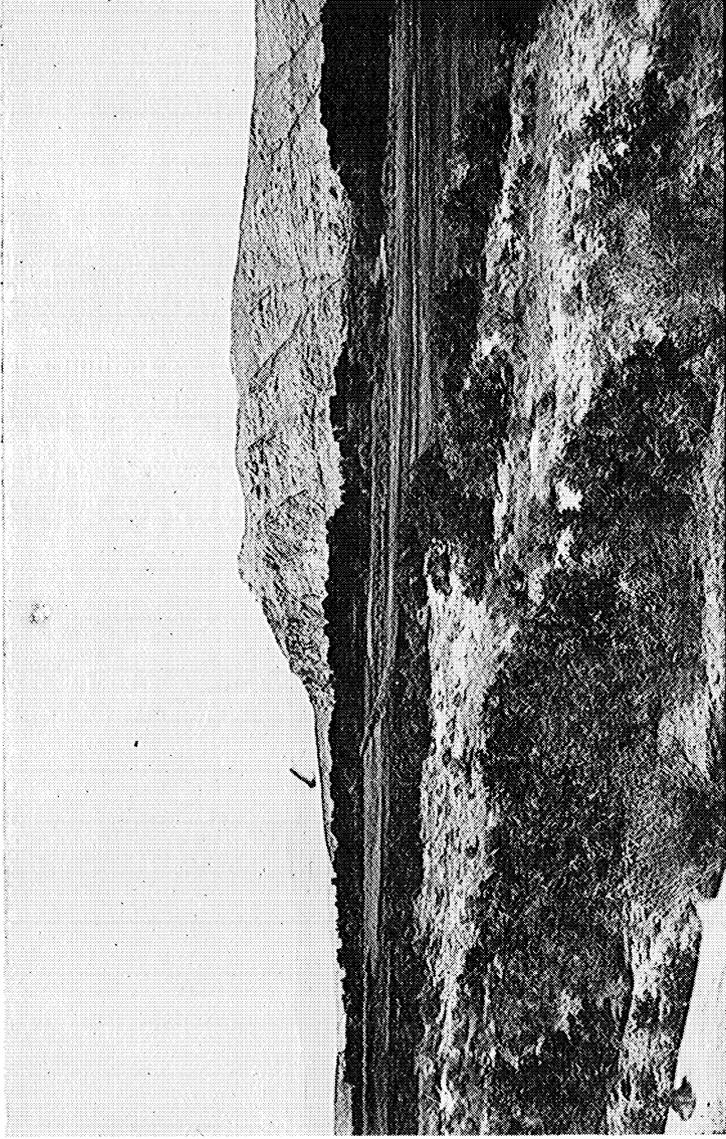
the current obliges us to have recourse to the cord. But as the brushwood on the banks will not permit us to walk on shore, we are under the necessity of wading through the river as we drag the boats. This soon makes our feet tender, and sometimes occasions severe falls over the slippery stones, and the men, by being constantly wet, are becoming more feeble.

On August 5th Clark reached the confluence of the Jefferson and Wisdom rivers. Lewis had, on the 4th, left a note here directing Clark to continue up the Jefferson, "but unluckily Captain Lewis's note had been left on a green pole which the beaver had cut down and carried off with the note," so that Clark was thus at a loss to know which stream to ascend. He went up the Wisdom for several miles until he met Drewyer, on the 6th, returning from his hunt. Drewyer informed Clark of his mistake and the latter at once turned back for the forks. On the way, "one of the canoes upset and two others filled with water, by which all the baggage was wet and several articles [were] irrecoverably lost." As one of the canoes

swung round in a rapid current, Whitehouse was thrown out of her, and whilst down the canoe passed over him, and had the water been two inches shallower would have crushed him to pieces; but he escaped with a severe bruise of his leg

Just before reaching the forks Captain Lewis overtook them and they hastened on to the junction, where they made camp and proceeded to dry the soaked supplies. This overturning and consequent loss of equipment enabled them to abandon one canoe when they re-embarked.

At this point we find an interesting statement. In order to preserve their powder and to economize space, etc., the former had been packed and sealed "in small canisters of lead, each containing powder enough for the canister when melted into bullets," they, of course, having to mold their own balls. This arrangement was a wise and ingenious



*The Beaver's-head Rock of Lewis and Clark, Looking South. This is now locally known as the Point of Rocks.*

one. Not once in the entire exploration did they experience danger from a powder explosion, and these lead canisters also enabled them to *cache* the powder with perfect freedom.

From Clark's camp on the Wisdom River, Shannon had been sent ahead up the stream to hunt. When the retrograde movement took place Drewyer was sent to overtake Shannon and bring him back, but he failed to find him. "We now had the trumpet sounded, and fired several guns, but he did not return, and we fear he is again lost." The next morning, August 8th, R. Fields was sent to search for Shannon, but returned without finding a trace of him. The preceding afternoon the combined party had gone on up the river and continued to move onward on the following days.

It seems to me that, under the circumstances, this failure to make a more determined attempt to find Shannon, who was almost a mere boy, is, to some extent, censurable. They sent him out to hunt, then absolutely reversed their programme and route, of which he was entirely ignorant, and went on up another river, leaving him finally, "to get out of his scrape" the best way he could. But Shannon was equal to the emergency this time. When, returning from his hunt, he did not meet the party ascending the river, he concluded that they had passed up the stream unobserved by him and he accordingly "marched up the river [Wisdom] during all the next day, when he was [became] convinced that we had not gone on, as the river was no longer navigable." He then, logically, returned to the junction, supposing a change of plan might have taken place, and, following up the Jefferson, reached the party at its breakfast camp of August 9th, safe and sound, but "much wearied" with packing along three deer-skins.

Immediately after breakfast of the 9th,

Captain Lewis took Drewyer, Shields, and M'Neal, and slinging their knapsacks they set out with a resolution to meet some

nation of Indians before they returned, however long they might be separated from the party.

*A meeting of the members of the Bar at St. Charles in Missouri on the reception of the intelligence of the death of the Hon. George Shannon for the purpose of testifying their respect for his memory and regret for his loss Thomas McWhinnigraham Esq. was called to the Chair and Henry Potter Esq. was appointed Secretary.*

*The following resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted*

*Resolved: that we in common with the whole community amongst whom we reside deeply regret the sudden death of our respected and talented fellow citizen and senior member of our Bar the Hon. George Shannon Esq. that we consider it at this time a misfortune to his friends and Countrymen and an irreparable loss to his numerous and worthy family.*

*Resolved: that to the Genius, Learning and Eloquence which rendered him a shining member of the legal profession he did not want those social qualities which rendered him a pleasant and agreeable companion.*

*Resolved: that as a testimonial of our respect for his public and private worth we will wear a badge on the left arm for thirty days.*

*Resolved that John D. Coates and W. H. Combs shall be appointed a committee to present a copy of the proceedings of this meeting to his family and to procure its publication in the public papers.*

*Thomas M. Cunningham Chairman*

*Henry Potter Secretary*

Resolutions Adopted by the Bar of St. Charles, Mo., upon the Death of Hon. Geo. Shannon.

Lewis made good time and on the night of the 10th camped at what they called Shoshone Cove, an important point in the itinerary of the expedition.

Captain Clark was to have taken this trip, but Clark was used up "from the raging fury of a tumor on my ankle." He had been obliged to "nurs" his feet for some time, and living on nothing "but venison and currants" had, he also thought, weakened him. The trip had become an absolute necessity, for the river was now almost unnavigable, and horses must be obtained if further progress was to be made, and these could only be traded for among the Indians.

From Sacágawea they knew that her tribe was not far distant and it is, perhaps, a question whether it would not have been wise for the main body to have remained quietly at the mouth of *Wisdom* River and have recruited their strength while awaiting Lewis's return, and then have *cached* their canoes there.

Clark's party advanced at a discouraging rate of speed. From ten to fourteen miles of river navigation per day, with an actual advance of from four to six miles in direct lines, was the record. On the 10th they passed the Beaver's-head, Philanthropy (Ruby, or Stinkingwater) River having been left behind on August 8th, before Lewis departed; on the 13th they reached the future site of Dillon, Mont., and on the 14th the mouths of Rattlesnake and Blacktail Deer creeks were passed, and they camped a short distance below Rattlesnake cliffs on the evening of August 14th.

At the cliffs, the river again emerges from a cañon, and the party toiled through this stretch of shallow water dragging the canoes a greater part of the way, passing Willard's Creek on the 16th and reaching the Two Forks of the Jefferson below Shoshone Cove on the 17th, just in time to calm Captain Lewis's fears and to rescue him from an embarrassing situation.

On one of the many side streams of the Jefferson. Colter and Potts, later, had their memorable adventure with the

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Blackfeet, in which Potts lost his life. The scene of this exploit has usually been placed in the locality about the Beaver's-head, probably because the great width of the valley there gives room for that wonderful run of Colter's across six miles of prickly pear plain, to the Jefferson.

After the great fur companies had been fully organized and the mountains had become an important theatre of operations in 1830 and the years following, the valleys of the Three Forks and the Jefferson became the most valuable of the fur trapping-grounds. The trappers poured in there yearly, in large companies, for mutual protection against the Blackfeet; but even then conflicts were of almost daily occurrence, and when a man went out to attend to his traps no one knew whether he would ever again be seen alive.

One of these conflicts, in which Wm. H. Vanderburgh, a noted leader and partisan of the American Fur Company, lost his life, is described by Ferris, who was a participant in the fight and who was wounded. It gives a good idea of a phase of the process of evolution by which this beaver-pounded valley was transformed from a bloody wilderness to one of peaceful homes and ranches. It likewise shows the striking contrast between the peaceful, if laborious, progression through the valley of Lewis and Clark in 1805, and that of the trappers of 1832. One company was seeking Indians, the other seeking to avoid them. Ferris says:

On the 14th [October, 1832] we descended from the hills and encamped near this run eight miles below the narrows, on a small plain, surrounded by the most imposing and romantic scenery. During our March we had an alarm of Indians from some of our hunters; and myself and others went to ascertain the truth. We proceeded, however, but a short distance when we found the remains of a [buffalo] cow, just butchered, and evidently abandoned in haste, which satisfied us that the butchers had fled for safety or assistance. We returned and reported the discovery to our partizans. In the mean time a rumor was

current that a party would go and ascertain more of the matter, after we should encamp.

Accordingly we equipped ourselves and sallied out of camp one after another, where we collected to the number of seven a short distance from it. We proceeded up the river about three miles, and found a fire yet burning, near a cow evidently killed but a short time previous, and also perceived traces of Indians following a buffalo trail up along the margin of the river. The neighboring hills were covered with vast herds of these animals, that appeared to be quite unalarmed, and from these favorable appearances we were confident there were not more than seven or eight Indians in the party. We continued on about three miles further, directing our course towards the only dense grove of timber on this part of the river, where we were certain of finding them, unless they had fled to the mountains. About 50 yards from the river we crossed a deep gully through which a part of its current flows during the spring tides and were carefully scrutinizing the grove, on which every eye was fixed in eager curiosity, watching each wavering twig and rustling bough to catch a glimpse of some skulking savage. Suddenly the lightning and thunder of at least 20 fusils burst upon our astonished senses from the gully and awoke us to a startling consciousness of imminent danger magnified beyond conception by the almost magical appearance of more than 100 warriors, erect in uncompromising enmity, both before and on either side of us, at the terrifying distance (since measured) of thirty steps.

Imagination cannot paint the horrid sublimity of the scene. A thousand brilliances reflected from their guns as they were quickly thrown into various positions, either to load or fire, succeeded the first volley, which was followed by a rapid succession of shots, and the leaden messengers of death whistled in our ears as they passed in unwelcome proximity. At that instant I saw three of our comrades flying, like arrows, from the place of murder. The horse of our partizan was shot dead under him, but with unexampled firmness, he stepped calmly from the lifeless animal, presented his gun at the advancing foe, and exclaimed "boys, don't run": at the same moment the wounded horse of a Frenchman threw his rider and broke away towards camp. The yells of these infernal fiends filled the air, and death appeared inevitable, when I was aroused to energy by observing about 20 Indians advancing to close the already narrow passage between the two lines of warriors. Dashing my spurs rowel deep into the flank of my noble steed, at a single bound he cleared the ditch, but before he reached the ground, I was struck in the

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promising Hudson River one day.  
Capt Lewis and 3 men set out after breakfast  
to examine the river above, find a portage  
if possible, also the tracks Indians I should  
have taken the trap had I have been  
able to march, from the (rising fury)  
of a tumor on my ankle (swollen, in the  
evening) Clouds up and a few drops rain  
Encamped on the East side near a low bluff, the  
river to my right (yesterday). The three hunters  
could kill only two Antelopes to day, game  
of every kind scarce

August 10<sup>th</sup> Saturday 1805

Some rain this morning at ten o'clock and  
cloudy we proceeded and passed a remark-  
able Clift point on the East side about 150  
feet high, this Clift the Indians call the  
Beavers head, About at 300 yards is a low  
Clift of 75 feet which is a Spur from the Mo-  
untain on the East about 1/2 miles, the river  
very crooked, at 4 o'clock a hard rain from the  
SW accompanied with hail continued half  
an hour, all rest the men sheltered themselves  
from the hail with bushes. We Encamped on  
the East side near a bluff, only one Deer killed  
to day, the one killed I killed 3 days past  
at being up we made use of river narrow, & today  
but not a fish.

Facsimile of Page 55, Codex G, Clark, Describing the "Beaver's-head."

left shoulder by a ball, which nearly threw me off; by a desperate effort, however, I regained my upright position and fled. A friend (R. C. Nelson) crossed the gully with me, but a moment after he was called to return. Without considering the utter impossibility of rendering assistance to our devoted partizan, he wheeled, but at the same instant his horse was severely wounded by two balls through the neck; which compelled him to fly; he yet kept his eye for some moments on our friend, who, seeing himself surrounded without the possibility of escape, levelled his gun and shot down the foremost of his foes. The Indians immediately fired a volley upon him—he fell—they uttered a loud and shrill yell of exultation and the noble spirit of a good and a brave man had passed away forever.

Thus fell Wm. Henry Vanderburgh, a gentleman born in Indiana, educated at West Point in the Military Academy, and, at the time he perished, under thirty years of age. Bold, daring and fearless, yet cautious, deliberate and prudent; uniting the apparent opposite qualities of courage and coolness, a soldier and a scholar, he died universally beloved and regretted by all who knew him.

Repeated reference has been made to the Beaver's-head. A quotation from the narrative of August 8th will best introduce this rock to the reader.

On our right is the point of a high plain, which our Indian woman recognizes as the place called the Beaver's Head, from a supposed resemblance to that object. This, she says, is not far from the summer retreat of her countrymen, which is on a river beyond the mountains, running to the west. She is therefore certain that we shall meet them either on this river, or on that immediately west of its source, which, judging from its present size, cannot be far distant.

The narrative for August 10th, in recounting the progress of Clark's detachment contains a further reference to this rock:

We . . . came to what the Indians call the Beaver's Head, a steep rocky cliff about one hundred and fifty feet high, near the right side of the river. Opposite to this, at three hundred yards from the water, is a low cliff about fifty feet in height,

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which forms the extremity of a spur of the [Ruby] mountain, about four miles distant on the left.

The Beaver's-head Rock, as the quotation from Ferris shows, has been a well-known and conspicuous landmark since Lewis and Clark first brought it to our attention. Their description well represents the spot, except that the smaller companion rock across the river is now close to the stream, in fact, is at one point washed by the Jefferson. The rock is decidedly the most prominent landmark in the valley and can be seen from a distance of many miles and from all directions.

The Beaver's-head, or Beaverhead, as it was perhaps more commonly called, is about twelve miles south from Twin Bridges and eighteen miles north—by road—from Dillon, Mont., and has been and is now generally known as the Point of Rocks. Because of this and of another curious, existing fact, few persons in the immediate region appear to know that the Point of Rocks *is the true Beaver's-head*, and if such an assertion be made to most residents of Dillon, for example, it will probably draw forth an absolute denial and a look of commiseration for him who has the temerity to make such a statement.

The Beaver's-head, known to the people of the upper Jefferson, or Beaverhead Valley, as this part of the river is now usually called, is a rock ten miles south from Dillon and is in reality the Rattlesnake Cliff of Lewis and Clark.

This latter rock, as a matter of fact, although not as high as the Point of Rocks Beaver's-head, bears just as strong, if not a stronger resemblance to the head or even the whole body of a beaver, so that there is some excuse, reasoning from analogy alone, for this misconception and transposition of names. There is, however, no question as to the original names of these rocks, but it is strange that Lewis and Clark did not record this double similarity in the

same locality, for the Beaver's-head is less than thirty miles below Rattlesnake Cliff, and the beaver-like resemblance of the cliff is easily recognized even at a distance.

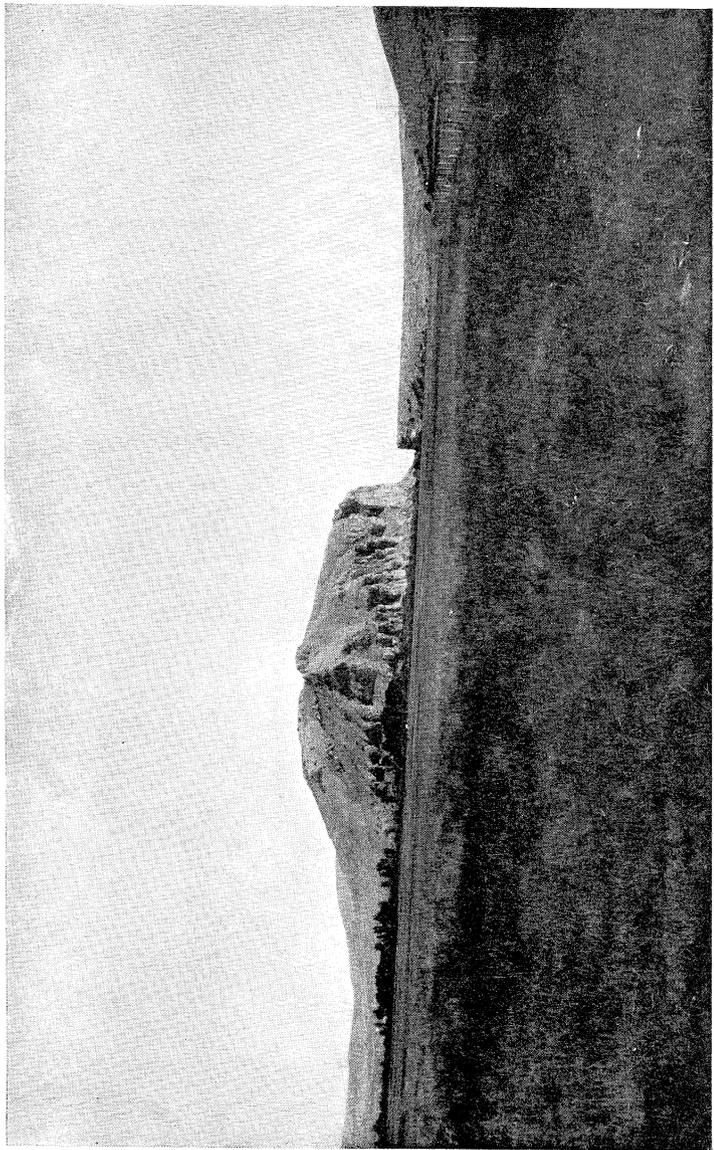
The Beaver's-head of Lewis and Clark is stated by them to bear N. 24° E.; and Rattlesnake Cliff, which is at their gap where "the river enters the mountains" in ascending it, bears S. 18° W. from a certain limestone rock, which I think I saw in the outskirts of Dillon, and which is ten miles below this gap.

That both of these points were known and called by the names that Lewis and Clark gave them, as late as the thirties, is proved by further reference to Ferris. In his journal for 1831, while encamped with some Flathead Indians two or three miles above the mouth of the Philanthropy or Stinkingwater River, he says:

Six miles above the forks [where the Wisdom and Philanthropy rivers join the Jefferson] on the west side of the Jefferson, there is a bluff or point of a high plain jutting into the valley to the brink of the river, which bears some resemblance to a beaver's head, *and goes by that name* [italics mine]. Hence the plains of the Jefferson are sometimes called the Valley of Beaver Head.

Granville Stuart, in *Montana as It Is*, published in 1865, refers to this point as the Beaver's-head. At more than one place Ferris refers to the mouth of the cañon above Dillon, from which the river issues, as Rattlesnake Cliff.

Lewis and Clark also refer to the cliff above Dillon in the vicinity of where Rattlesnake Creek flows into the Jefferson. This creek Lewis and Clark named Track Creek, and Blacktail Deer Creek they called M'Neal's Creek after one of their men. Grasshopper Creek was also named for one of the party, Willard's Creek, and they mentioned Bald Mountain—"a snowy mountain to the north"—in connection with the sources of Track, or Rattlesnake Creek.



17 *The True Beaver's-head Rock of Lewis and Clark, below Dillon, Mont., as Seen from the South.*

Wisdom River impressed them strongly, and at the time that they explored it they concluded that it carried as much water as the Jefferson, or even more, but the water was more scattered and the river not being navigable for a great distance determined them still to follow the latter stream. They do not seem to have examined the Wisdom beyond its last and oblique northeast course, and at any rate formed no clear conception of the peculiar bends made by the stream. Its shape is that of a big dipper with the bowl at its confluence with the Jefferson, where the town of Twin Bridges is now built. Its remotest sources interlock with those of the Jefferson which the explorers followed after reaching the Two Forks above the Rattlesnake Cliff cañon. Had Lewis and Clark known this, or known either, while at the mouth of Wisdom River, what their subsequent experiences were to be among the Salmon—Lemhi—River Mountains, they might not have settled the question of route so easily.

Both Wisdom River and Willard's Creek are still more or less known as such, but most modern maps show them as Big Hole River and Grasshopper Creek either alone or as alternative names.

Besides the great changes effected by irrigation in this beautiful valley, which include large irrigation canals, settlers, farms, towns, roads, and railways, with their accompanying details, there have been wrought equal transformations by mining. In the South Boulder range, whose snowy peaks the explorers faced upon leaving Three Forks and through which the cañon of the Jefferson led them transversely, and in the main Rockies west of, and across the valley from, the South Boulder Mountains, there are found to-day, prosperous mines and mining camps from which have flowed into the world's channels of trade millions of dollars. Just across the range from the head-

waters of Pipestone Creek lies Butte, the greatest mining camp of the world. In common with other parts of Montana, there was much prospecting and development work done around Butte in the sixties, but it was not until 1875 or 1876, when copper was discovered, that Butte began to show its real character.

Since 1882, the Butte mines have produced considerably more than \$500,000,000, in proportions, approximately, of gold 3 per cent., silver 35 per cent., and copper 60 per cent., and they now furnish about 25 per cent., of the copper output of the world.

Anaconda, a little west of Butte and the place where most of the Butte ores are treated, is the city of enormous smelters, those of the world-known Amalgamated Copper Company. There are two plants with an aggregate capacity of nearly 10,000 tons of crude ore daily, and the new plant represents an expenditure of more than \$5,500,000.

Mining is seen in its most advanced and scientific aspects at Butte and Anaconda. Electricity and compressed air are employed wherever possible, and in the construction of hoisting works, smelters, concentrators, etc., the latest ideas are utilized and the best machinery installed. The production, financial operations, etc., of these corporations are on a colossal scale. There were employed in the mines of Butte during 1900 nearly 8700 men; the monthly disbursements, largely among the mines and smelters, were almost \$2,000,000; the dividends paid amounted to a little less than \$14,000,000, and the mine production, gold, silver, and copper, was \$50,000,000. In the last ten years these mines have paid in dividends more than \$43,000,000.

The waters of Wisdom River are now flumed into Butte for city uses, and electricity from a power-house on one of the banks of the stream is transmitted by wire to the same place.

After Lewis and Clark had reached a point above the true

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Beaver's-head, they were flanked by mountains on each side, out of whose Pactolian gulches golden streams of marvelous, phenomenal richness were to flow, such as would startle mankind.

In the year 1862, just fifty-seven years after Lewis and Clark first passed along this valley, gold was discovered on Willard's Creek. Two men, John White and William Eads, the latter said to be a son of Captain James Eads, the celebrated engineer of St. Louis, were the discoverers, and to the town which sprang up was given the name Bannack, after an Indian tribe of that name. The "diggings" at Bannack were marvellously rich and a stampede to them ensued, not only from other parts of Montana, but from Colorado and the West in general. In 1864, when the Territory of Montana was created, Bannack became the first capital.

Scarcely had the excitement of the surprise occasioned by the finding of the rich placers at Bannack (I use the old spelling of the word, the second *a* is now usually changed to *o*) subsided somewhat, before "Bill" Fairweather, Henry Edgar, and their associates rode into Bannack and announced that on May 26, 1863, they had discovered another rich gulch. This was the renowned Alder Gulch, of which, among several mining towns within its confines, Virginia City became the chief and widest known, and was the Territorial capital from 1865 to 1875.

Alder Gulch is reputed to have been the richest gulch ever known. Its discovery, which, of course, would have been made sooner or later in any event, was entirely accidental. On February 4, 1863, a company of eight men left Bannack on a prospecting tour. They were to meet a larger party led by James Stuart, one of the most remarkable men of that time and region, at the mouth of Beaverhead—Jefferson—River, near where Twin Bridges and Sheridan now stand. Missing them, they followed on, endeavoring to overtake



*The Rock: Locally Known as Beaver's-head Rock, the Rattlesnake Cliff of Lewis and Clark, as Seen from the South.*

them, but were captured by Crow Indians, released, and in making their way back to Bannack camped on a small creek. The men, with the exception of Fairweather and Edgar, largely from habit probably, went out to prospect a little, the two latter remaining to watch camp and the horses. Fairweather, noticing a piece of "rim rock," Edgar and he took a shovel, pick, and pan, went to the ledge, and Fairweather dug up a panful of dirt and Edgar washed it. After washing, there was gold in the pan worth \$2.40, and while Edgar was panning, Fairweather found a nugget worth exactly the same amount.

The finding of this \$4.80 was the discovery of Alder Gulch, as the other men found nothing, and before they had returned to camp Edgar and Fairweather had panned out \$12.30 in gold. Edgar named the gulch from the alder bushes growing on its banks, and the district was named after Fairweather, who, years afterward, dying from disipation, was buried near the site of his discovery.

Alder Creek is one of the higher branches of Philanthropy River, and the placers on this stream are reliably stated to have produced at least \$60,000,000 between 1863 and 1876. The gravels have been worked and reworked and worked again, and at the present day are being handled by a process of dredging which returns to its operators a good interest on the investment, and the same remark applies to the placers at Bannack.

Silver first attracted attention in Montana in 1864, when argentiferous galena was found on Rattlesnake Creek, not far from Bannack, at a point called Argenta, which is also about twelve or fifteen miles northwest from Dillon. The first successful silver smelter erected in Montana was at Argenta in 1867. Argenta and Bannack are now quiet little burghs, Dillon is a thriving and growing place, and Virginia City maintains itself remarkably well.

A feature of those early days of mining was the Vigilantes, an organization the origin and operations of which have been much misapprehended. It is difficult for an outsider to realize the cosmopolitan character of that early-day population. Along with honest, hard-working men intent upon making a good livelihood, and perchance a fortune, there came, literally, perhaps, from the ends of the earth, many of the very reverse order. Thieves, thugs, fugitives from justice, outlaws, the riff-raff from all over the West,—and this means a long way east from Montana,—adventurers of all sorts, poured into Bannack and Alder Gulch intent upon luxuriously rioting in sin and violence where courts and constabulary were wanting.

Secretly banding together, many of them, these road agents, as they were called, had their haunts, spies, places of rendezvous, etc., all over the region, so that it finally became a serious question whether any man suspected of having gold dust or money could possibly journey safely from one place to another, be the distance long or short, and to incur the ill-will of one of these men, from whatever cause, meant death. It is known that one hundred and two persons were killed by these road agents, and there were undoubtedly many more.

To countervail the power of the road agents the Vigilantes were finally compelled to organize secretly. As all law comes from the people, so it did here. It was a last and serious effort, a forlorn hope, to enforce the spirit of the law where the usual legal adjuncts were lacking. It was really the essence of law without its technical forms, the kernel of the nut without its shell. The men subject to the judgments of the Vigilantes were impartially tried, without, however, the frivolous delays of the law, and the judgments were promptly executed. As soon as officials and courts made their appearance, in 1864, and the regular legal

machinery was set in motion, the Vigilantes' organization voluntarily ceased to exist, and this fact is the best argument for the righteousness of the movement.

The road between Bannack and Virginia City was a favorite one for the operations of the road agents and there was then heavy travel over it. The road ran northeast from Bannack down Rattlesnake, or Track Creek, thence down the Beaverhead, or Jefferson River to Beaver's-head Rock, where, crossing the river and a spur of the mountain, it ascended Philanthropy River to Virginia City. Near the summit of the divide near Bannack stands a low but somewhat prominent and isolated rock known as Road Agents' rock from its use by these men as a hiding spot in their hold-up operations.

In the valley of the Philanthropy was a ranch—Daly's—which was one of their rendezvous. The house is still standing and in use. The valley of the Rattlesnake was a favorite gathering point for these gentry. The Vigilantes finally rid the country of these desperadoes by a determined and continuous man hunt and by the banishment or summary execution of most of them when caught, after due trial.

Into most of this region the locomotive has now penetrated. Along the Jefferson from the Three Forks to the mouth of Alder Gulch; up Frazier's—Antelope—Creek and Philosophy River—Willow Creek—and along the Panther—Pipestone—Creek the Northern Pacific trains now run. South from Butte the Oregon Short Line extends to Salt Lake City, following, for many miles, the Wisdom River where it forms a fine and picturesque cañon, and, after climbing the divide, reaches the Jefferson at Dillon, crossing the stream near the limestone rock before mentioned. It then follows this river through the Rattlesnake Cliff cañon, past the Two Forks of the Jefferson, near which is Shoshone Cove, and on to the summit of the mountains at the Montana-

Utah line. The only portion of the Jefferson not now paralleled by a railway track lies between the mouth of Philanthropy River, near the Beaver's-head, and Dillon.

Captain Lewis had, at the Two Forks of the Jefferson, reached an eventful point and stage in his journey. He had been following some old horse tracks on an Indian road, or trail, and at the forks it was at first uncertain which branch was the proper one to take. He first tried the left-hand or "southwest branch," but the horse tracks soon disappeared and he then examined the western fork. There the tracks reappeared, so the party pushed ahead, first leaving a note for Captain Clark, to hold him at the forks until Lewis should return, and that night—August 10th—they camped at Shoshone Cove. The morning of the 11th of August, Lewis started early but the tracks soon wholly vanished.

We will now follow Lewis's movements until the party became re-united and will let the journal, for the most part, tell the story. Lewis, after losing the tracks

went straight forward to the pass, sending one man along the river to his left and another on the right, with orders to search for the road, and if they found it to let him know by raising a hat on the muzzle of their guns.

In this order they went along for about five miles, when Capt. Lewis perceived, with the greatest delight, a man on horseback, at the distance of two miles, coming down the plain toward them.

Convinced that he was a Shoshonee, and knowing how much our success depended on the friendly offices of that nation, Captain Lewis was full of anxiety to approach without alarming him, and endeavor to convince him that he [Lewis] was a white man. He therefore proceeded toward the Indian at his usual pace. When they were within a mile of each other the Indian suddenly stopped. Captain Lewis immediately followed his example, took his blanket from his knapsack, and holding it with both hands at the two corners, threw it above his head and unfolded it as he brought it to the ground, as if in the act of spreading it. This signal, which originates in the practice of spreading a robe or skin, as a seat for guests to whom they wish to show

distinguished kindness, is the universal sign of friendship among the Indians on the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. As usual, Captain Lewis repeated this signal three times; still the Indian kept his position, and looked with an air of suspicion on Drewyer and Shields, who were now advancing on each side.

Captain Lewis was afraid to make any signal for them to halt, lest he should increase the suspicions of the Indian, who began to be uneasy, and they were too distant to hear his voice. He therefore took from his pack some beads, a looking-glass, and a few trinkets, which he had brought for the purpose, and leaving his gun, advanced, unarmed, toward the Indian. He remained in the same position till Captain Lewis came within 200 yards of him, when he turned his horse and began to move off slowly. Captain Lewis then called out to him in as loud a voice as he could, repeating the word "*tabba bone!*" which in the Shoshonee language means white man; but looking over his shoulder the Indian kept his eyes on Drewyer and Shields, who were still advancing, without recollecting the impropriety of doing so at such a moment, till Captain Lewis made a signal to them to halt. This Drewyer obeyed; but Shields did not observe it, and still went forward. Seeing Drewyer halt, the Indian turned his horse about as if to wait for Captain Lewis, who now reached within 150 paces, repeating the words "*tabba bone,*" holding up the trinkets in his hand, and at the same time stripping up the sleeve of his shirt to show the color of his skin. The Indian suffered him to advance within 100 paces; then suddenly turning his horse, and giving him the whip, leaped across the creek and disappeared in an instant among the willow-bushes. With him vanished all the hopes, which the sight of him had inspired, of a friendly introduction to his countrymen.

The Captain was terribly disappointed at the result, as well he might be. He was "soarily chagrined" and "could not forbare abraiding" the two men somewhat. But they pushed ahead on the trail of the Indian, with the United States flag flying, stopped for breakfast, left at his breakfast camp some "beads, trinkets, awls, some paint and a looking-glass" in order that if the Indians chanced upon the spot they might know that their visitors were white men and friends. They finally "lost the track of the fugitive Indian"

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and then went into camp for the night, it may be presumed, tired, disappointed, perhaps well-nigh discouraged.

On the morning of August 12th,

. . . at the distance of four miles from his camp he met a large plain Indian road which came into the cove from the northeast, and wound along the foot of the mountains to the southwest, approaching obliquely the main stream he had left yesterday.

They then continued through the low bottom, along the main stream, near the foot of the mountains on their right. . . . The stream gradually became smaller, till, after going two miles, it had so greatly diminished in width that one of the men [M'Neal] in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri. . . . From the foot of one of the lowest of these mountains, which rises with a gentle ascent of about half a mile, issues the remotest water [as Lewis thought] of the Missouri.

They had now reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man. As they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain—as they sat down by the brink of that little rivulet, which yielded its distant and remotest tribute to the parent ocean—they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors and all their difficulties.

### Crossing the Continental Divide,

they followed a descent much steeper than that on the eastern side, and at the distance of three-quarters of a mile reached a handsome, bold creek of cold, clear water, running to the westward. They stopped to taste for the first time the waters of the Columbia; and after a few minutes followed the road across steep hills and low hollows, till they reached a spring on the side of a mountain,

where they camped and ate their last piece of pork.

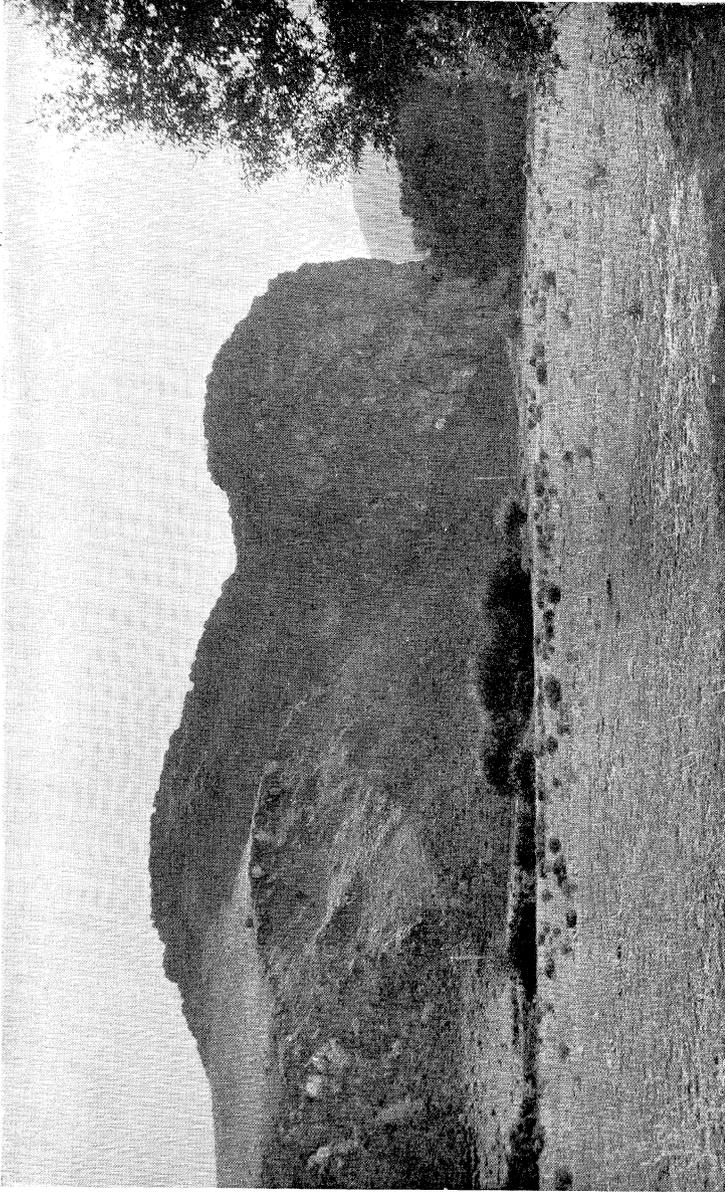
Soon after leaving camp on the following day, they discovered two women, a man, and some dogs on an eminence at the distance of a mile before them, who also fled upon their approach.

Continuing their journey with increasing hope,

they had not gone . . . more than a mile, when on a sudden they saw three female Indians, from whom they had been concealed by the deep ravines which intersected the road, till they were now within 30 paces of each other. One of them, a young woman, immediately took to flight; the other two, an elderly woman and a little girl, seeing they were too near for them to escape, sat on the ground, and holding down their heads seemed as if reconciled to the death which they supposed awaited them.

Captain Lewis instantly put down his rifle, and advancing toward them, took the woman by the hand, raised her up, and repeated the words "*tabba bone!*" at the same time stripping up his shirt-sleeve to prove that he was a white man—for his hands and face had become by constant exposure quite as dark as their own. She appeared immediately relieved from her alarm; and Drewyer and Shields now coming up, Captain Lewis gave them some beads, a few awls, pewter mirrors, and a little paint, and told Drewyer to request the woman to recall her companion, who had escaped to some distance and, by alarming the Indians, might cause them to attack him without any time for explanation. She did as she was desired, and the young woman returned almost out of breath. Captain Lewis gave her an equal portion of trinkets, and painted the tawny cheeks of all three of them with vermilion, a ceremony which among the Shoshonees is emblematic of peace.

After they had become composed, he informed them by signs of his wishes to go to their camp, in order to see their chiefs and warriors; they readily obeyed, and conducted the party along the same road down the river. In this way they marched two miles, when they met a troop of nearly sixty warriors, mounted on excellent horses, riding at full speed toward them. As they advanced Captain Lewis put down his gun, and went with the flag about 50 paces in advance. The chief, who with two men was riding in front of the main body, spoke to the women, who now explained that the party was composed of white men, and showed exultingly the presents they had received. The three men immediately leaped from their horses, came up to Captain Lewis and embraced him with great cordiality, putting their left arm over his right shoulder and clasping his back, applying at the same time their left cheek to his, and frequently vociferating, "ah hi e, ah hi e!"—"I am much pleased! I am much rejoiced!" The whole body of warriors now came forward, and our men received the caresses, with no small share of the grease and paint of their new friends. After this fraternal embrace, of



*Rattlesnake Cliff. above Dillon, Mont., now Generally, but Erroneously Known as the Beaver's-head Rock—  
Looking South.*

which the motive was much more agreeable than the manner, Captain Lewis lighted a pipe and offered it to the Indians, who had now seated themselves in a circle around the party. But before they would receive this mark of friendship they pulled off their moccasins; a custom, as we afterward learned, which indicates the sacred sincerity of their professions when they smoke with a stranger, and which imprecates on themselves the misery of going barefoot forever if they are faithless to their words—a penalty by no means light to those who rove the thorny plains of their country.

When the smoking was concluded,

the chief then moved on, our party followed him, and the rest of the warriors in a squadron brought up the rear. . . . At the distance of four miles from where they had first met, they reached the Indian camp, which was in a handsome level meadow on the bank of the river [where] they were introduced into an old leathern lodge, which the young men who had been sent from the party had fitted up for their reception.

The ceremony of smoking being concluded, and Captain Lewis having explained to the chief [whose name was Cameahwait] the purposes of his visit and distributed some small presents, it was now late in the afternoon, and our party had tasted no food since the night before. On apprising the chief of this circumstance, he said that he had nothing but berries to eat, and presented some cakes made of service-berries and choke-cherries which had been dried in the sun. On these Captain Lewis made a hearty meal, and then walked down toward the [Lemhi] river.

. . . The chief informed him that this stream discharged, at the distance of half a day's march, into another [Salmon River] of twice its size, coming from the southwest; but added, on further inquiry, that there was scarcely more timber below the junction of those rivers than in this neighborhood, and that the river was rocky, rapid, and so closely confined between high mountains that it was impossible to pass down it either by land or water to the great lake [Pacific Ocean], where, as he had understood, the white men lived.

This information was far from being satisfactory, for there was no timber here that would answer the purpose of building canoes—indeed not more than just sufficient for fuel. . . . The prospect of going on by land is more pleasant, for there are great numbers of horses feeding in every direction round the

camp, which will enable us to transport our stores, if necessary, over the mountains. . . .

Captain Lewis determined to remain with the Indians long enough to enable Clark and the boat party to reach the forks, and in the meantime to gather such information as was possible regarding the Columbia River country. He was now on short rations and the Indians were in the same condition, but Drewyer and Shields set forth to hunt on horses borrowed from the Indians, and the young Indian hunters started out on the same mission armed with bows and arrows.

Having now secured the good will of Cameahwait, Captain Lewis informed him of his wish that he would speak to the warriors, and endeavor to engage them to accompany him to the forks of Jefferson River; where by this time another chief, with a large party of white men, was awaiting his [Lewis's] return; that it would be necessary to take about 30 horses to transport the merchandise; that they should be well rewarded for their trouble; and that, when all the party should have reached the Shoshonee camp, they would remain some time among them to trade for horses. . . . In about an hour and a half he returned, and told Captain Lewis that they would be ready to accompany him in the morning. . . .

AUGUST 15th. Captain Lewis rose early, and having eaten nothing yesterday except his scanty meal of flour and berries, felt the inconveniences of extreme hunger. On inquiry [of M'Neal] he found that his whole stock of provisions consisted of two pounds of flour. This he ordered to be divided into two equal parts, and one-half of it to be boiled with the berries into a sort of pudding. After presenting a large share to the chief, he and his three men breakfasted on the remainder . . . [and] Captain Lewis now endeavored to hasten the departure of the Indians, who still hesitated and seemed reluctant to move. . . . Cameahwait told him that some foolish person had suggested that he was in league with their enemies the Pahkees, and had come only to draw them into ambuscade; but that he himself did not believe it. Captain Lewis felt uneasy at this insinuation, . . . and saw that if this suggestion were not instantly checked, it might hazard the total failure of the enterprise.

Assuming, therefore, a serious air, he told the chief that he was sorry to find they placed so little confidence in him . . . and that, if the greater part of the tribe entertained any suspicion, he hoped there were still among them some who were men, who would go and see with their own eyes the truth of what he said, and who, even if there was any danger, were not afraid to die. To doubt the courage of an Indian is to touch the tenderest string of his mind, and the surest way to rouse him to any dangerous achievement. Cameahwait instantly replied that he was not afraid to die, and mounting his horse, for the third time harangued the warriors. . . . This harangue produced an effect on six or eight only of the warriors, who now joined their chief. With these Captain Lewis smoked a pipe; and then, fearful of some change in their capricious temper, set out immediately. . . . Yet such is the wavering inconsistency of these savages, that Captain Lewis' party had not gone far when they were joined by ten or twelve more warriors; and before reaching the creek which they had passed on the morning of the 13th, all the men of the nation and a number of women had overtaken them. . . . About sunset they reached the upper part of the level valley, in the cove through which he had passed, and which they now called Shoshonee cove.

AUGUST 16th. As neither our party nor the Indians had anything to eat, Captain Lewis sent two of his hunters [Drewyer and Shields] ahead this morning to procure some provisions. At the same time he requested Cameahwait to prevent his young men from going out, lest by their noise they might alarm the game. But this measure immediately revived their suspicions [and most of the Indians returned home] leaving only 28 men and three women [with the Captain].

After the hunters had been gone about an hour, Captain Lewis again mounted, with one of the Indians behind him, and the whole party set out. But just as they passed through the narrows, they saw one of the spies coming back at full speed across the plain. . . . The young Indian had scarcely breath to say a few words as he came up, when the whole troop dashed forward as fast as their horses could carry them. Captain Lewis, astonished at this movement, was borne along for nearly a mile before he learned, with great satisfaction, that it was all caused by the spy's having come to announce that one of the white men had killed a deer.

As they once more proceeded,

Captain Lewis again explained the possibility of our [Captain Clark's party] not having reached the forks, in consequence of the difficulty of the navigation; so that if they [the Indians] should not find us at that spot, they might be assured of our not being far below. They again all mounted their horses and rode on rapidly, making one of the Indians carry their flag, so that we might recognize them as they approached us; but, to the mortification and disappointment of both parties, on coming within two miles of the forks no canoes were to be seen. . . . Captain Lewis, perceiving how critical his situation had become, resolved to attempt a stratagem, which his present difficulty seemed completely to justify. Recollecting the notes he had left at the point for us, he sent Drewyer for them with an Indian, who witnessed his taking them from the pole. When they were brought, Captain Lewis told Cameahwait that on leaving his brother chief [Clark] at the place where the river issues from the mountains, it was agreed that the boats should not be brought higher than the next forks we should meet; but that if the rapid water prevented the boats from coming on as fast as they expected, his brother chief was to send a note to the first forks above him to let him know where the boats were; that this note had been left this morning at the forks, and mentioned that the canoes were just below the mountains, and coming slowly up in consequence of the current.

Captain Lewis now wrote, by the light of some willow-brush, a note to Captain Clark, which he gave to Drewyer, with an order [for Captain Clark] to use all possible expedition in ascending the river; and engaged an Indian to accompany him [Drewyer] by the promise of a knife and some beads.

In order to hold the confidence of the Indians, Lewis had promised liberal exchanges for their horses; but what was still more seductive, he had told them that one of their country-women, who had been taken with the Minnetarees, accompanied the party below; and one of the men had spread the report of our having with us a man [York] perfectly black, whose hair was short and curled. This last account had excited a great degree of curiosity, and they seemed more desirous of seeing this monster than of obtaining the most favorable barter for their horses.

As the darkest hour is just before dawn, so Lewis's period of anxiety and discouragement was just before the clouds of

despondency rolled completely away and revealed the sun of success riding high in the sky of confidence and truth, notwithstanding the "stratagem" it had seemed necessary to employ. The narrative now recounts the dramatic events of August 17th, a day memorable in the chronicles of the expedition. Lewis's fears were dispelled very early in the day; the objects of the long, wearisome, alternate land marchings by the Captains since leaving Maria's River were practically accomplished; Sacágewea found herself among her kindred and friends, and it needs no telling to know that the rude but friendly reception given the strangers in a strange land by these right-hearted if uncouth savages, warmed every heart and lifted a mighty load from every mind in that worn but unconquerable band of heroes.

[SATURDAY], AUGUST 17th, 1805. Captain Lewis rose very early and dispatched Drewyer and the Indian down the river in quest of the boats. . . . Drewyer had been gone about two hours . . . when an Indian, who had straggled a short distance down the river, returned with a report that he had seen the white men, who were only a short distance below and were coming on. The Indians were transported with joy, and the chief, in the warmth of his satisfaction, renewed his embrace to Captain Lewis, who was quite as much delighted as the Indians themselves. . . .

On setting out at seven o'clock, Captain Clark, with Chaboneau and his wife, walked on shore; but they had not gone more than a mile before Captain Clark saw Sacajawea, who was with her husband 100 yards ahead, begin to dance and show every mark of the most extravagant joy, turning round to him and pointing to several Indians, whom he now saw advancing on horseback, sucking her fingers at the same time, to indicate that they were of her native tribe. As they advanced, Captain Clark discovered among them Drewyer dressed like an Indian, from whom he learned the situation of the party. . . .

We soon drew near the camp, and just as we approached it a woman made her way through the crowd toward Sacajawea; recognizing each other, they embraced with the most tender affection. The meeting of these two young women had in it something peculiarly touching. . . . They had been com-

panions in childhood; in the war with the Minnetarees they had both been taken prisoners in the same battle; they had shared and softened the rigors of their captivity till one of them had escaped from the Minnetarees, with scarce a hope of ever seeing her friend relieved from the hands of her enemies. While Sacajawea was renewing among the women the friendships of former days, Captain Clark went on, and was received by Captain Lewis and the chief, who, after the first embraces and salutations were over, conducted him to a sort of circular tent or shade of willows.

. . . Glad of an opportunity of being able to converse more intelligibly, Sacajawea was sent for; she came into the tent, sat down, and was beginning to interpret, when, in the person of Cameahwait, she recognized her brother. She instantly jumped up, and ran and embraced him, throwing over him her blanket, and weeping profusely. The chief was himself moved, though not in the same degree. After some conversation between them she resumed her seat and attempted to interpret for us; but her new situation seemed to overpower her, and she was frequently interrupted by her tears. After the council was finished the unfortunate woman learned that all her family were dead except two brothers, one of whom was absent, and a son of her eldest sister, a small boy, who was immediately adopted by her. . . .

The Indians were most favorably impressed by all that they saw and heard, and the usual distribution of presents accentuated their good humor.

After the council was over we consulted as to our future operations. . . . Our Indian information as to the state of the Columbia is of a very alarming kind, and our first object is of course to ascertain the practicability of descending it, of which the Indians discourage our expectations. It was therefore agreed that Captain Clark should set off in the morning with 11 men furnished, besides their arms, with tools for making canoes; that he should take Chaboneau and his wife to the camp of the Shoshonees, where he was to leave them, in order to hasten the collection of horses.

Clark was now in his element. His "tumers" and bruises and blisters and pricklypear pustules were evidently in much better shape and he was fairly entitled to the honor of leading this pioneer party. One of the admirable things in

connection with this exploration was the perfect unselfishness, the utter lack of jealousy between the leaders. It was a beautiful example of "in honour preferring one another," and doubtless had the occasion arisen either would have gladly been a Jonathan to the other's David, a Pythias to his Damon.

Clark, with his party, of whom Gass was one, set out on the morning of Sunday, August 18th, Gass, a carpenter, was naturally in demand when canoes were to be constructed. Gass's journal gives some details of interest at this point, although in recounting the trip up the river from the Three Forks it is usually excessively brief and curt.

The explorers had concluded that they were on the extreme headwaters of the Jefferson, and from the relative size of the divergent streams at the forks as they saw them, they were probably justified in forming this erroneous conclusion, but M'Neal carried the idea to a boyish and ridiculous extent in his straddling-the-stream act on the 12th inst.

The remotest, highest sources of the Jefferson are probably more than two hundred miles above the Two Forks, just west of Henry's Lake and not far distant from the western border of Yellowstone Park. J. V. Brower, who has carefully explored and studied the upper Missouri, Jefferson, Beaverhead, or Red Rock Creek, as one chooses to consider the upper reaches of the stream, gives the distance from the *Three* Forks to the summit of the mountains east of the upper Red Rock Lake, Alaska Basin and Culver's Cañon, as 398 miles. The distance from the *Two* Forks of the Jefferson to "the remotest water of the Missouri," that "chaste and icy fountain" of Captain Lewis's narrative, situated near the summit of the divide at the head of the western branch—Horse Prairie Creek—up which Lewis and Clark travelled, is only about thirty miles, thus making a marked difference between the length of the two branches, measured from the Two Forks.

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At this point the regular narrative dilates at some length upon the general nature of the Missouri and the distinctions which characterize different portions of it. It will be recalled that the explorers noted the fact that as the inferior branch at the Two Forks seemed to be the larger affluent, so, at the junction of the Wisdom and Jefferson rivers the former stream carried a larger quantity of water than did the main stream. Brower,<sup>1</sup> in his very complete work on the Missouri and its tributaries, throws some light on this. Hackett, Brower's assistant, says in reference to the basin of the Wisdom, or Bighole:

The streams of that locality take their courses out from one of the most elevated and rugged mountain ranges in the State of Montana, and all of the foot-hills on the west side of the valley are covered with a dense growth of fir and pine timber which extends far up into the mountains where the snow-fall is excessive, and nearly every creek heads far back in some deep cañon or gorge. The east side of the valley is somewhat different. The streams there rise earlier in the season and commence to go down before the streams on the west side commence to rise. The main stream, by this natural cause, has a considerable stage of water before the melting snows from the timbered region on the west side commence to pour in a vast volume of water through every tributary creek. . . . All these numerous streams head in rough timbered cañons, and pour a vast volume of water into the channel of the Bighole. No such conditions exist on the Red Rock branch of the Missouri. The valley is very narrow and long, and the river crooked, the channel being over one hundred miles long down through the Centennial Valley alone,

where the hydrographic conditions are such that "the principal streams are sustained in a perennial existence," the supply of water being thus more regular and permanent.

Captain Lewis with the main body of the outfit remained at Shoshone Cove until August 24th. This point becomes an important one: It is the head of the expedition's so-called

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<sup>1</sup> *The Missouri River and Its Utmost Source.*

navigation of the Missouri, and here they change from canoes to horses as means of transportation. To this point also, one of the Captains will return on the homeward journey in 1806, though by a somewhat different route. Here, therefore, they made a further *cache* of supplies and of collections made en route, and stowed away their canoes for future use.

While awaiting the return of the Indians, the most of whom had gone with Clark to their village to obtain horses for Captain Lewis's use, the time was well occupied. Game was very scarce and the Indians had hardly enough food to keep themselves from hunger, yet they were Christianly unselfish, heathen that they were, and although never having heard of the Golden Rule, they practised it to the very letter. Sacá-gawea had no occasion to blush for her countrymen.

The party were occupied chiefly in making pack-saddles, in the manufacture of which we supply the place of nails and boards by substituting for the first thongs of raw-hide, which answer very well, while for boards we use the handles of our oars and the plank of some boxes, the contents of which we empty into sacks made of raw-hide for the purpose. The Indians who visit us behave with the greatest decorum, and the women are busily engaged in making and mending the moccasins of the party.

AUGUST 21st, 1805. . . . Late to-night Drewyer, one of the hunters, returned with a fawn and a considerable quantity of Indian plunder, which he had taken by way of reprisal [for the theft of a rifle.]

AUGUST 22nd. . . . On examining the spoils which Drewyer had obtained, they were found to consist of [many articles of Indian apparel and also] an instrument made of bone for manufacturing flints into arrow-heads, and a number of flints themselves. The flint was much of the same color and nearly as transparent as common black glass, and when cut detached itself into flakes, leaving a very sharp edge.

This "black glass flint" was undoubtedly obsidian or natural, volcanic glass. This is found in various parts of the West, the large and noted Obsidian Cliff in Yellowstone Park being the best known. This material was very generally

used, where obtainable, for arrow-heads. The tribes formerly had a quarry at Obsidian Cliff, and the spawls and arrow and spear points made from them were bartered from tribe to tribe, as the red pipestone pipes were.

The narrative continues:

About eleven o'clock Chaboneau and his wife returned with Cameahwait, accompanied by about fifty men, with their women and children. After they had camped near us and turned loose their horses, we called a council of all the chiefs and warriors, and addressed them in a speech. . . . The council was then adjourned, and all the Indians were treated with an abundant meal of boiled Indian corn and beans. The poor wretches, who had no animal food and scarcely anything but a few fish, had been almost starved, and received this new luxury with great thankfulness. Out of compliment to the chief, we gave him a few dried squashes, which we had brought from the Mandans, and he declared it was the best food he had ever tasted except sugar, a small lump of which he had received from his sister.

They now began the purchase of horses, and

we soon obtained five very good ones . . . by giving for each horse merchandise which cost us originally about \$6. We have again to admire the perfect decency and propriety of the Indians; for though so numerous, they do not attempt to crowd round our camp or take anything which they see lying about, and whenever they borrow knives or kettles or any other article from the men, they return them with great fidelity. . . .

The result of some subsequent bartering was the purchase of three more horses and one mule, the latter obtained by the Shoshoni from some other tribe by barter, or from the Mexicans to the south, and it cost the explorers twice what each horse did. After procuring, in all, nine horses and a mule they hired two more horses and started, on August 24th, at noon, for the Shoshone camp. They were all on foot,

except Sacajawea, for whom her husband had purchased a horse with [in exchange for] some articles which we gave him for that

purpose; an Indian, however, had the politeness to offer Captain Lewis one of his horses to ride, which he accepted in order better to direct the march of the party.

And now we find the only serious lapse from perfect sincerity and candor in the treatment of the party by these Indians. The offender, too, is Cameahwait, the Bird-woman's brother, and the discoverer and exposé of the scheme is Sacágawea herself, loyal to her heart's core to her white friends.

While at dinner we learned by means of Sacajawea that the young men who had left us this morning carried a request from the chief that the village would break camp and meet this party to-morrow, when they would all go down the Missouri into the buffalo country. Alarmed at this new caprice of the Indians, which, if not counteracted, threatened to leave ourselves and our baggage on the mountains, or even if we reached the waters of the Columbia, to prevent our obtaining horses to go on further, Captain Lewis immediately called the three chiefs together. After smoking a pipe he asked them if they were men of their word, and if we could rely on their promises. They readily answered in the affirmative. He then asked if they had not agreed to assist us in carrying our baggage over the mountains. To this they also answered yes. "Why, then," said he, "have you requested your people to meet us to-morrow where it will be impossible for us to trade for horses, as you promised we should? . . . If you wish the whites to be your friends, to bring you arms, and to protect you from your enemies, you should never promise what you do not mean to perform. . . . If, therefore, you intend to keep your promise, send one of the young men immediately, to order the people to remain at the village till we arrive." The two inferior chiefs then said . . . that they had not sent for the people, but on the contrary had disappointed of that measure which was done wholly by the first chief. Cameahwait remained silent for some time; at last he said that he knew he had done wrong, but that, seeing his people all in want of provisions, he had wished to hasten their departure for the country where their wants might be supplied. He, however, now declared that, having passed his word he would never violate it, and counter-orders were immediately sent to the village by a young man, to whom we gave a handkerchief, in order to insure dispatch and fidelity. . . .

## Three Forks to Headwaters of Columbia 41

AUGUST 26th. . . . We set out at sunrise and soon reached the fountain of the Missouri; . . . then crossing the dividing ridge we reached the fine spring where Captain Lewis had slept on the 12th [of August, where they halted for dinner].

One of the women, who had been leading two of our pack-horses, halted at a rivulet about a mile behind, and sent on the two horses by a female friend. On inquiring of Cameahwait the cause of her detention, he answered, with great appearance of unconcern, that she had just stopped to lie in, but would soon overtake us. In fact, we were astonished to see her in about an hour's time come on with her new-born infant, and pass us on her way to the camp, apparently in perfect health. . . .

After dinner we continued our route, [to camp] where we arrived about six o'clock, and were conducted to the leathern lodge in the center of 32 others made of brush. . . . We here found Colter, who had been sent by Captain Clark with a note apprising us that there were no hopes of a passage by water, and that the most practicable route seemed to be that mentioned by his guide, toward the north.

We will now return, for a time, to Captain Clark. On the 18th Clark travelled fifteen miles and he reached the Indian village early on the 20th of August, having crossed the Continental Divide on the 19th.

On the 20th, Clark left his camp early in the morning and within four miles reached the Indian camp, which had changed its location since Lewis's visit. Cameahwait halted the procession before entering the precincts of the village and they had a ceremonious smoke.

This being over, Captain Clark was conducted to a large leathern lodge prepared for his party in the middle of the camp, the Indians having only shelters of willow-bushes. A few dried berries and one salmon, the only food the whole village could contribute, were then presented to him. . . .

A portion of Gass's narrative for the 19th and 20th runs as follows:

The people of this nation instead of shaking hands as a token of friendship, put their arms round the neck of the person they salute.

AUGUST 20th. They [the Shoshoni] are the poorest and most miserable nation I ever beheld; having scarcely anything to subsist on, except berries and a few fish, which they contrive by some means, to take. They have a great many fine horses, and nothing more; and on account of these they are much harassed by other nations. They move about in any direction where the berries are most plenty.

The explorers are now experiencing the hospitality of the Shoshonean family of Indians. This is a widespread stock geographically, nearly touching the Gulf of Mexico on the south, reaching the Pacific on the west, and a finger of it, on Powell's map, extending almost to the Canadian boundary. The principal region occupied by the Shoshoni, in their various tribes, was in Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, western Wyoming, Colorado, and southern California, with a broad lobe running down into Texas. The family comprised within its limits such well-known and apparently diverse tribes as the Bannock, Comanche, the various branches of the Ute, the Pai Ute, Shoshoni, Moki—in Arizona—etc. Many of these tribes have been almost, or quite, continuously the firm friends of the whites, old chief Washakie, one of the great latter-day chiefs of the Shoshoni, being noted in this respect and having on different occasions assisted the whites in their wars with the Sioux. There is now an agency of the Shoshoni on the Lemhi River in Idaho, near the very spot where Lewis and Clark camped and traded with the tribe in 1805. In 1900, there were about two hundred and fifty Indians at this agency.

The description of, and comments upon, these interesting people who were such friends in need, by Lewis and Clark, while a long one, is worthy of transcription here for several reasons did space permit; it runs, in part, thus:

The Shoshonees are a small tribe of the nation called Snake Indians. . . . The Shoshonees with whom we now are amount to about 100 warriors, and three times that number of

women and children. Within their own recollection they formerly lived in the plains, but they have been driven into the mountains by the Pahkees, . . . and are now obliged to visit occasionally and by stealth, the country of their ancestors. . . . From the middle of May to the beginning of September they reside on the waters of the Columbia. . . . During this time they subsist chiefly on salmon, and as that fish disappears on the approach of autumn, they are obliged to seek subsistence elsewhere. They then cross the ridge to the waters of the Missouri, down which they proceed slowly and cautiously, till they are joined near the Three Forks by other bands, either of their own nation or of the Flatheads, with whom they associate against the common enemy. . . . In their intercourse with strangers they are frank and communicative, in their dealings perfectly fair, nor have we had during our stay with them any reason to suspect that the display of all our new and valuable wealth has tempted them into a single act of dishonesty. While they have generally shared with us the little they possess, they have always abstained from begging anything from us. . . .

In their conduct toward ourselves they were kind and obliging; and though on one occasion they seemed willing to neglect us, yet we scarcely knew how to blame the treatment by which we suffered, when we recollected how few civilized chiefs would have hazarded the comforts or the subsistence of their people for the sake of a few strangers. . . .

The infant daughters are often betrothed by the father to men who are grown, either for themselves or for their sons, for whom they are desirous of providing wives. . . . Sacajawea had been contracted for in this way before she was taken prisoner, and when we brought her back her betrothed was still living. Although he was double the age of Sacajawea and had two other wives, he claimed her; but on finding that she had a child by her new husband, Chaboneau, he relinquished his pretensions and said he did not want her.

The chastity of the women does not appear to be held in much estimation. The husband will, for a trifling present, lend his wife for a night to a stranger, and the loan may be protracted by increasing the value of the present. Yet, strange as it may seem, notwithstanding this facility, any connection of this kind not authorized by the husband is considered highly offensive, and quite as disgraceful to his character as the same licentiousness in civilized societies.

The dress of the Shoshonees is as convenient and decent as that of any Indians we have seen.

They have many more children than might have been expected, considering their precarious means of support and their wandering life.

The names of these Indians vary in the course of their life. . . . To give to a friend one's own name is an act of high courtesy, and a pledge, like that of pulling off the moccasin, of sincerity and hospitality. The chief in this way gave his name to Captain Clark when he first arrived, and he was afterward known among the Shoshonees by the name of Cameahwait.

T. J. Farnham in *Travels in the Great Western Prairies*, etc.—1839—refers in the highest terms to the Shoshoni and I quote a few sentences:

From the time they met Lewis and Clark on the head-waters of the Missouri to the present day, the Snakes have opened their lodges to whites, with the most friendly feelings. . . . His property, when once arrived in their camp, is under the protection of their honor and religious principle. And should want, cupidity, or any other motive, tempt any individual to disregard these laws of hospitality, the property which may have been stolen, or its equivalent, is returned and the offender punished. The Snakes are a very intelligent race. This appears in the comforts of their homes, their well-constructed lodges, the elegance and useful form of their wardrobe, their horsegear, &c. But more especially does it exhibit itself in their views of sensual excesses and other immoralities. These are inhibited by immemorial usages of the tribe. . . . Civilized vice is quite as offensive as that which grows up in their own untrained natures. The non-use of intoxicating liquor is an example of this kind. They abjured it from the commencement of its introduction among them. And they give the best of reasons for this custom: "It unmans us for the hunt, and for defending ourselves against our enemies: it causes unnatural dissensions among ourselves: it makes the Chief less than his Indian; and by its use, imbecility and ruin would come upon the Shoshonie tribe."

This word-picture presents the Shoshoni in such a different light, in many respects, than does the narrative of Lewis and Clark, that one is led to think Farnham must have met a more prosperous and intelligent band than did our explorers.

I am constrained to interpolate at this point an account taken from Ferris of the first meeting of the Shoshoni with white men—Lewis and Clark—as given by the Indians. Ferris gives this as the first meeting of the Flatheads with Lewis and Clark, but in this I am convinced that he was in error, as will, I think, be seen later.

Many anecdotes of Messrs. Lewis and Clark, who were the first white men they ever saw, are related by the Flatheads, and some of the old men in the village now with us, were present at their first interview. An intelligent Flathead, known to the hunters by the name of "Faro," related to me many curious incidents in their history, and among others an account of this first interview with the whites.

"A great many snows past," said he, "when I was a child, our people were in continual fear of the Blackfeet, who were already in possession of firearms of which we knew nothing, save by their murderous effects. During our excursions for buffalo, we were frequently attacked by them, and many of our bravest warriors fell victims to the thunder and lightning they wielded, which we conjectured had been given them by the Great Spirit to punish us for our sins. . . . At length, 'Big Foot,' the great chief of our tribe, assembled his warriors in council. . . . 'My heart tells me,' said he, 'that the Great Spirit has forsaken us; he has furnished our enemies with his thunder to destroy us, yet something whispers to me, that we may fly to the mountains and avoid a fate, which, if we remain here is inevitable. The lips of our women are white with dread, there are no smiles on the lips of our children. Our joyous sports are no more, glad tales are gone from the evening fires of our lodges. I see no face but is sad, silent, and thoughtful: nothing meets my ears but wild lamentations for departed heroes. Arise, let us fly to the mountains, let us seek their deepest recesses where unknown to our destroyers, we may hunt the deer and the bighorn, and bring gladness back to the hearts of our wives and our children.'

"The sun arose the following morning to shine upon a deserted camp, for the little band of Flatheads were already leaving the beautiful plains of the Jefferson. During one whole moon we pursued our course southwestward, through devious paths and unexplored defiles, until at last, heartsore and weary we reached the margin of Salmon river. Here we pitched our camp. . . . The Great Spirit seemed again to look kindly upon us. We were

no longer disturbed by our enemies, and joy and gladness came back to our bosoms. Smiles like little birds came and lit upon the lips of our children, their merry laughter was a constant song, like the song of birds. The eyes of our maidens were again like the twinkling stars, and their voices soft as the voice of a vanishing echo. There was plenty in every lodge, there was content in every heart, . . . we smoked the calumet in peace.

"After several moons, however, this state of tranquil happiness was interrupted by the arrival of two strangers. They were unlike any people we had hitherto seen, fairer than ourselves, and clothed with *skins* unknown to us. . . . They gave us things like solid water, which were sometimes brilliant as the sun, and which sometimes showed us our own faces. . . . We thought them the children of the Great Spirit. . . . But . . . we soon discovered that they were in possession of the identical thunder and lightning that had proved in the hands of our foes so fatal to our happiness. We also understood that they had come by the way of Beaver-head River, and that a party of beings like themselves were but a day's march behind them.

"Many of our people were now exceedingly terrified, making no doubt but that they were leagued with our enemies the Blackfeet, and coming jointly to destroy us. This opinion was strengthened by a request they made for us to go and meet their friends. At first this was denied, but a speech from our beloved chief, . . . induced most of our warriors to follow him and accompany the strangers to their camp. As they disappeared over a hill in the neighborhood of our village, the women set up a doleful yell, which was equivalent to bidding them farewell forever, and which did anything but elevate their drooping spirits. After such dismal forebodings imagine how agreeably they were disappointed, when, upon arriving at the strangers' encampment, they found, instead of an overwhelming force of their enemies, a few strangers like the two already with them, who treated them with great kindness, and gave them many things that had not existed before even in their dreams or imaginations. Our eagle eyed chief discovered from the carelessness of the strangers with regard to their things, that they were unacquainted with theft, which induced him to caution his followers against pilfering any article whatever. His instructions were strictly obeyed, mutual confidence was thus established. The strangers accompanied him back to the village, and there was peace and joy in the lodges of our people. They remained with us several days and the Flatheads have been ever since the friends of the white men."

It will at once be noted that this Indian recital, given to Ferris twenty-eight years after the meeting, is a remarkable duplicate of Lewis and Clark's statement of their meeting with the *Shoshoni*, and, we shall soon see, bears no resemblance to the meeting with the Flatheads either as recounted by the explorers or by the Indians.

Ferris has been found to be very accurate in his facts and statements, but I am convinced that in this instance he either fell into confusion as to the two tribes, or confused accounts of both tribes, in his writings.

So far as I have been able to discover, the Flatheads never resided on either the Lemhi or Salmon River, south of the mountains, but, on the contrary, all accounts place them to the north, across the mountains, just where Lewis and Clark found them, while the *Shoshoni* did, at one time, live on the plains east of the mountains, where the Ferris narrative erroneously places the Flatheads. The latter did, however, hunt the buffalo there in company with the Nez Percés and *Shoshoni*.

Farnham gives what purports to be the story of the *Shoshone who first met Captain Lewis*. Farnham was on his way to Oregon and stopped a few days, in early August, 1839, at Fort David Crockett in Brown's Hole, now Brown's Park, in northeastern Utah. This spot is one of the pleasantest of the larger valleys of the Rocky Mountains, is hemmed in by the lofty Uinta range, and in the fur-trading days was as favorite a spot for rendezvous of trappers as it was in later years for a wintering place for stockmen. It so happens that the first mountaineering of the writer was in this very region and he spent some weeks, in 1874, in Brown's Park. Powell, in his exploration of the Colorado River and its cañons in 1869 *et seq.*, passed through this park and Frémont had traversed it earlier still.

Farnham's account is interesting reading, but it does not

exactly square with the explorers' narrative, and the printers have made arrant nonsense of a portion of it, which portion I therefore omit. It is, moreover, but reasonable to expect that narrations of such events, particularly when made years afterwards and in a strange tongue or through interpreters, lose something in accuracy. I suspect though that the Indian or the interpreter made the most of his opportunity in recounting the tale to Farnham, which is as follows:

Among the several personages whom I chanced to meet at Brown's Hole, was an old Snake Indian, who saw Messrs. Lewis and Clark on the head-waters of the Missouri in 1805. He is the individual of his tribe, who first saw the explorers' cavalcade. He appears to have been galloping from place to place in the office of sentinel to the Shoshonie camp, when he suddenly found himself in the very presence of the whites. Astonishment fixed him to the spot. Men with faces pale as ashes, had never been seen by himself or nation. . . . His fears at length overcoming his curiosity, he fled in the direction of the Indian encampment. But being seen by the whites, they pursued and brought him to their camp; exhibited to him the effects of their fire-arms—loaded him with presents, and let him go. Having arrived among his own people, he told them he had seen men with faces pale as ashes, who were makers of thunder, lightning, &c. This information astounded the whole tribe. They had lived many years, and their ancestors had lived many more, and there were many legends which spoke of many wonderful things; but a tale like this they never had heard. A council was therefore assembled to consider the matter. The man of strange words was summoned before it; and he rehearsed, in substance, what he had before told to others; but was not believed. "All men were red, and therefore he could not have seen men as pale as ashes. The Great Spirit made the thunder and the lightning; he therefore could not have seen men of any color that could produce it. He had seen nothing; he had lied to his chief, and should die." At this stage of the proceedings, the culprit produced some of the presents which he had received from the pale men. These being quite as new to them as pale faces were, it was determined "that he should have the privilege of leading his judges to the place where he declared he had seen these

strange people; and if such were found there, he should be exculpated; if not, these presents were to be considered as conclusive evidence against him, that he dealt with evil spirits, and that he was worthy of death by the arrows of his kinfolks." The pale men—the thunder-makers—were found, and were witnesses of the poor fellow's story. He was released; and has ever since been much honored and loved by his tribe, and every white man in the mountains. He is now about 80 years old, and poor. But as he is always about Fort David Crockett, he is never permitted to want.

The expedition is now fairly across the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains. It has passed from the waters that drain to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, to the drainage of the Pacific, but many weary and trying weeks will pass before the explorers see the spray of the breakers and hear the roar of the surf of that great ocean.

The pass by which they have advanced one more step on the way is the Lemhi, one of the easiest across the Rockies, but it led them into a region full of tribulation and hardship for them.

Lewis and Clark crossed the Rocky Mountain chain seven times at six distinct places, crossing one pass twice. Of these six passes three were of the main range, the others of concomitant ranges on either side of, and more or less parallel to, the main range. In their order of succession and with the names in current use these passes were, the Lemhi; an unnamed pass of the Bitter Root range at the southwestern angle where that range joins the main Rockies; the Lolo Pass of the Bitter Root range; Gibbon's Pass of the Rockies, near the unnamed pass mentioned; the Lewis and Clark Pass of the main range at the head of Dearborn's River, and the Bozeman Pass between the Bridger and Gallatin ranges east of Bozeman, Montana.

Of all these passes there were but three that Lewis and Clark both crossed and the only one across the main range

that both of them saw and used was the first one—the so-called Lemhi Pass. This pass, therefore, should have been called and should, if possible, even yet be named the *Lewis and Clark* Pass. The one now known by that name Clark never saw, and the Gibbon Pass, which Lewis never saw, should by all rules be known as Clark's Pass, not Gibbon's, General Gibbon having crossed it seventy-one years after Clark.

Why the Government itself has not seen to it that the rights of these, our first and greatest governmental explorers, have been protected, or why some of the many scientific societies of the country have not long ago acted in this matter, is incomprehensible. As a matter of fact the Government has itself assisted in perpetuating these gross blunders and injustices. It would seem that there is an opportunity here for the United States Board on Geographic Names to make a commendable record for itself.

The country in which the expedition now found itself is one of the wildest and roughest within the domain of the United States. The rivers run in tremendous cañons and with such rapidity of descent that for miles they form continuous rapids, thus rendering them unnavigable. There is little arable or bottom land along their courses; the mountains are heavily timbered and fallen timber obstructs progress in every direction; the snowfall is heavy; the trails few, steep, and difficult, and hunting is a laborious occupation.

It required all the resources both of the Captains and of the Indians, who aided them to the utmost extent of their ability, to extricate themselves from their difficult situation.

Map showing the  
**ROUTE of LEWIS & CLARK**  
 in 1804-1806,  
 from the  
*Three Forks of the Missouri to Ross's Hole.*

